MARVEL new universe™
$1.25 US
$1.75 CAN
19 MAY
UK 40p
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

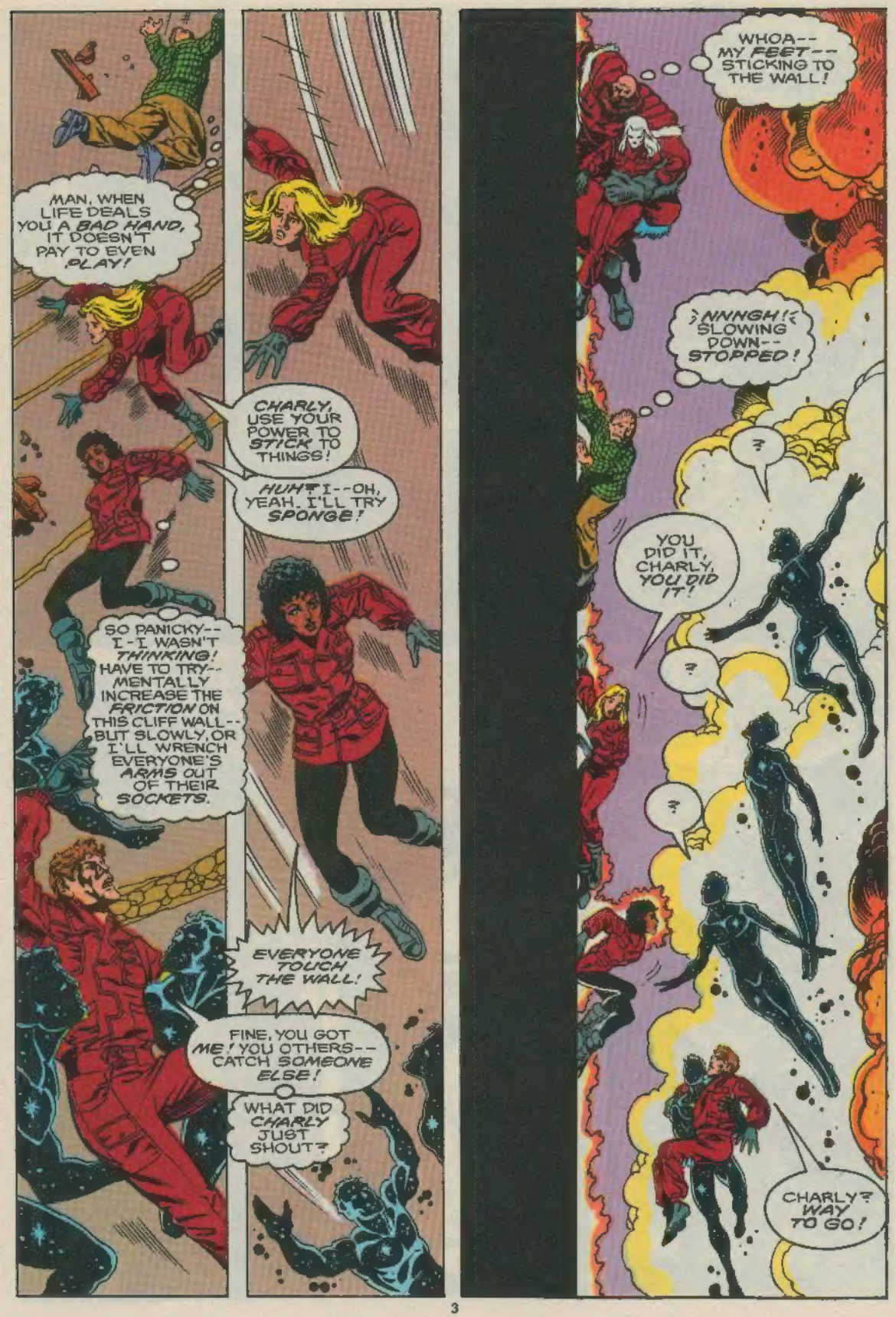
DP
DISPLACED PARANORMALS

CODENAME SPITFIRE

--OVER THE EDGE!

D.P.7
DISPLACED PARANORMALS
AT THE LIP OF THE HUGE CRATER THAT WAS ONCE THE CITY OF PITTSBURGH, SIX PARANORMALS SEARCH FOR A SEVENTH WHEN THEY SUDDENLY GO SLIDING OVER THE EDGE...
OHHH! DAVID, WHAT'S---?
YIII!
ROOF WE WERE STANDING ON GAVE WAY!
RAAANDYYY!
DON'T PANIC, CHARLY!
CAN'T SEE A BLESSED THING! MY FAULT--SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD US GO TRAIPSING AROUND AFTER DARK!
PITFALL

W-WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE WHEN WE HIT BOTTOM! WISH... WISH I COULD BE HOLDING ONTO ANOTHER PERSON WHEN IT HAPPENS! BUT WHO'D WANT TO DIE TOUCHING A STINKING MUTATOR?
WISH I COULD SEE HOW FAR WE HAVE TO FALL! IF I WERE TO REMOVE MY MASK--LET MY SKIN SHINE--!
WHAT IN THE WORLD? THE SIDE OF THIS HOLE IS PERFECTLY SMOOTH! CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING TO GRAB ONTO!
RAAANDYYY!
ANTIBODIES--BLAST YOU! DO SOMETHING ALREADY!
!
!
!
DAVID--?!?
HAVE TO MAKE MY OWN FILTHY HAND HOLD!
WHOK
OWWW! THINK I BROKE MY KNUCKLES!
OHHH!
NUTS! I MUST'VE MUTATED PAST THE USEFUL STAGE OF THIS SPIDERY FORM--I CAN'T LATCH ONTO WALLS WORTH SPIT!
GOT YOU, LENORE!
¡WHOUFF!
OH, DAVID--AM I GOING TO DIE WITHOUT GIVING YOU MY LOVE EVEN ONCE--?
RAAANDYYY!


MAN, WHEN LIFE DEALS YOU A BAD HAND, IT DOESN'T PAY TO EVEN PLAY!
CHARLY, USE YOUR POWER TO STICK TO THINGS!
HUH? I--OH, YEAH. I'LL TRY SPONGE!
SO PANICKY--I-I WASN'T THINKING! HAVE TO TRY--MENTALLY INCREASE THE FRICTION ON THIS CLIFF WALL--BUT SLOWLY, OR I'LL WRENCH EVERYONE'S ARMS OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS.
EVERYONE TOUCH THE WALL!
FINE, YOU GOT ME! YOU OTHERS--CATCH SOMEONE ELSE!
WHAT DID CHARLY JUST SHOUT?
WHOA--MY FEET--STICKING TO THE WALL!
NNNGH! SLOWING DOWN--STOPPED!
?
YOU DID IT, CHARLY, YOU DID IT!
?
?
CHARLY? WAY TO GO!

DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN HOLD ALL YOU! N-NEVER TRIED TO STICK SUCH A BIG AREA BEFORE--!
I'LL HAVE MY ANTIBODIES FLY US BACK TO THE TOP!
BUT THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PRY ANYONE FREE UNLESS I LET GO WITH MY FORCE-- AND IF I LET GO, WE'LL ALL START SLIDING DOWN AGAIN!

YEAH, IT'LL BE TRICKY.
HARPO, GROUCHO, ZEPPO-- HOVER NEXT TO LENORE, MUTATOR, AND SPONGE!
!
!!
!!!

OKAY, CHARLY, WHEN I SAY GO, RELAX YOUR POWER FOR THE COUNT OF THREE. THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TIME FOR THE ANTIBODIES TO PLUCK THE FIRST HALF OF US OFF THE WALL.
READY?
Y-YES.
GO!

ONE...
...TWO...
...THREE...
...STICK!

WE'RE SAVED!
I-I HATE THIS!
GREAT WORK!

Y-YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE THAT ANTIBODY FLY YOU OUT AND LEAVE ME DOWN HERE ALONE--?!?
OF COURSE NOT!
ZEPPO, STICK ME NEXT TO HER.

HE'S TOUCHING ME. MAYBE THERE IS HOPE FOR...US.
SHE'S TREMBLING. BETTER TRY TO GET HER MIND OFF THE DANGER WE'RE IN.

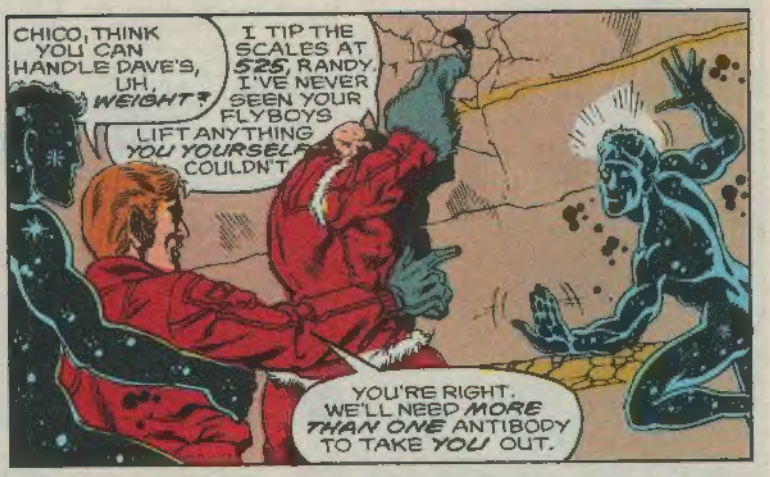
AMAZING HOW SMOOTH THIS ROCK IS. I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT COULD HAVE POSSIBLY GOUGED OUT A HOLE LIKE THIS SO...SO CLEANLY, CAN YOU?
AN ATOM BOMB?
THE NEWS SAYS THERE'S NO RADIATION OR FALL-OUT. BESIDES, A NUKE WOULD LEVEL A CITY TO RUBBLE, NOT SCOOP IT OUT LIKE THIS.
WISH THOSE OTHER ANTIBODIES WOULD GET BACK! I FEEL CHARLY'S FRICTION-POWER LETTING UP A BIT--WE'RE SLOWLY BEGINNING TO SLIDE!

I THINK--YES, YOUR ANTIBODIES ARE BACK!
WAIT A MINUTE. I SEE ONLY TWO OF THEM.

WHERE'S HARPO?
THEY'RE SHRUGGING LIKE THEY DON'T KNOW.

WELL, YOU TWO GRAB CHARLY AND ME AND TAKE US UP WHERE DAVE IS.
CHARLY, AS SOON AS GROUCHO HAS YOU FIRMLY, LET GO WITH YOUR POWER.

NEXT TIME GIVE ME A WARNING WHEN YOU'RE EASING UP ON THE STICKY STUFF. I NEARLY LOST MY GRIP.
SORRY ABOUT THAT.


CHICO, THINK YOU CAN HANDLE DAVE'S, UH, WEIGHT?
I TIP THE SCALES AT 525, RANDY. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR FLYBOYS LIFT ANYTHING YOU YOURSELF COULDN'T.
YOU'RE RIGHT. WE'LL NEED MORE THAN ONE ANTIBODY TO TAKE YOU OUT.

HMMM, THAT MEANS WE CAN'T ALL GO UP ON THE SAME TRIP.
IT'S EITHER CHARLY AND ME FIRST -- OR YOU. HOW LONG YOU THINK YOU CAN HANG ON ALL BY YOURSELF?

LONG ENOUGH. YOU TWO GO ON.

NO, I CAN'T LEAVE YOU HANGING HERE BY YOUR FINGERNAILS.
CHARLY, THINK YOU CAN MAKE US STICK FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES?
UH... I GUESS. SURE.

GROUCHO, ZEPPO... PUT US BACK ON THE CLIFF WALL, THEN I WANT ALL THREE OF YOU TO HOIST DAVE.

YOU SURE YOU GUYS ARE UP FOR THIS? LET'S SEE... 525 DIVIDED BY 3 IS...
I WAS NEVER BIG ON MATH.

STEADY NOW--!
I THOUGHT YOU HAD FOUR OF THESE GUYS, RAND.
ONE'S MISSING.

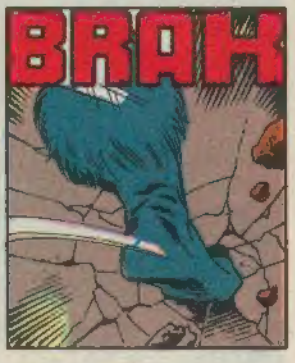
WHOOAA!
DAVE!
TOO BLASTED HEAVY FOR THEM!

LET ME AT THE WALL!

PUM

PUM

BRAK


BRAK

IT WAS A NICE IDEA, BUT YOU GUYS BETTER HAUL YOUR OWN BUTTS OUT AND FIND THAT FOURTH ANTIBODY.

I'LL BE FINE. I'VE GOT BETTER FOOTING THAN LAST TIME.
YOU'RE SURE...?
GET OUT OF HERE ALREADY!

WANT ME TO LEAVE CHICO HERE TO KEEP YOU COMPANY?
NOPE.
WHAT HAPPENS IF WE CAN'T FIND THE FOURTH?

ALONE AGAIN. FUNNY, LAST TIME IT WAS ME WHO DITCHED EVERYONE ELSE.* POETIC JUSTICE THEM GETTING THEIR CHANCE TO LEAVE ME BEHIND.
* WHEN THE PARANORMALS WERE BEING HUNTED DOWN BY GUNMEN BY THE CLINIC FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH IN ISSUES #5-12.
GUESS THAT'S WHY I CAME ALONG ON THIS STUPID JAUNT TO DISASTERVILLE. DIDN'T WANT TO ABANDON MY FRIENDS AGAIN OR FEEL ABANDONED MYSELF.
SO WHAT DID I DO? I WENT AND ABANDONED STEPHANIE--THE ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO NEEDS ME THE MOST.
HA! WHO AM I KIDDING? SHE'S IN A COMA--SHE DOESN'T NEED ANYTHING FROM A BIG SLOB LIKE ME.
AND IF--WHEN SHE RECOVERS... THERE'S STILL NO ROOM FOR ME IN HER LIFE, WHAT WITH CHILDREN... AND HUSBAND...
MEANWHILE, IN WISCONSIN...
GOD KNOWS WHAT I'M GOING TO TELL HER AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS. MONTHS? BEEN ALMOST A YEAR!
LET'S SEE... "STEPHANIE, I'VE BEEN THE WORLD'S LOUSIEST HUSBAND, AND I DON'T REALLY EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND WHY I HAVEN'T BEEN TO SEE YOU IN SO LONG..."
HMM. BETTER MAKE IT "DON'T EXPECT YOU TO FORGIVE ME FOR NOT COMING TO SEE YOU IN SO LONG..." THEN WHAT?
TELL HER THAT I FIGURED SINCE SHE WAS IN A COMA, IT WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO HER IF I SAW HER OR NOT?
HEY, GREAT. I SAW A FEW LIGHTS ON. I WAS AFRAID EVERYONE AT THE CLINIC WOULD BE ASLEEP AND I'D HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT FREEZIN' IN THE CAR.
GUESS FREAKOS KEEP LATE HOURS.
CLINIC INSTITUTE FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH
DON'T WORRY, STEPHIE-BABY, YOUR HUMBLE HUBBY HAS COME TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS BUGHOUSE.

BACK AT THE "PITT"...
MUTATOR! LENORE! WHERE'S SPONGE AND MY FOURTH ANTIBODY?
I DON'T KNOW.
I LOST TRACK OF THEM ON OUR WAY OUT!
OH, GREAT. I WAS SURE THAT IT WOULD'VE SHOWN UP BY NOW.
ONE
MY CONTROL OVER THESE GUYS HAS ALWAYS BEEN LESS THAN PERFECT...
... BUT WHAT IF ANOTHER ONE HAS GONE RENEGADE ON ME, LIKE THE "KILLER ANTIBODY" DID!* COULD IT HAVE TAKEN SPONGE SOMEWHERE AND--
*IN ISSUE #13.
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT...
ZEPPO, GROUCHO, CHICO-- SPLIT UP AND FIND HARPO!
HURRY! A LIFE IS LITERALLY HANGING IN THE BALANCE!
VWWWWMMMM
?

NEARBY...

HALT AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

WH-WHAT IS THAT THING? LOOKS LIKE AN ALIEN OR A ROBOT OR SOMETHING COULD IT BE WHAT CAUSED ALL THIS DEVASTATION?

!!!

VWWWMMM

HURRY ANTIBODY IT'S GAINING ON US!

I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS AGAIN--THIS IS THE SECOND FLYING MAN I'VE SEEN IN THE AREA THIS WEEK!

FOR ALL I KNOW THAT THING HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MAKING OF THE PITT. I HAVE TO TALK TO IT! MAYBE A WARNING BLAST--!

IT'S SHOOTING! P-PUT ME DOWN!

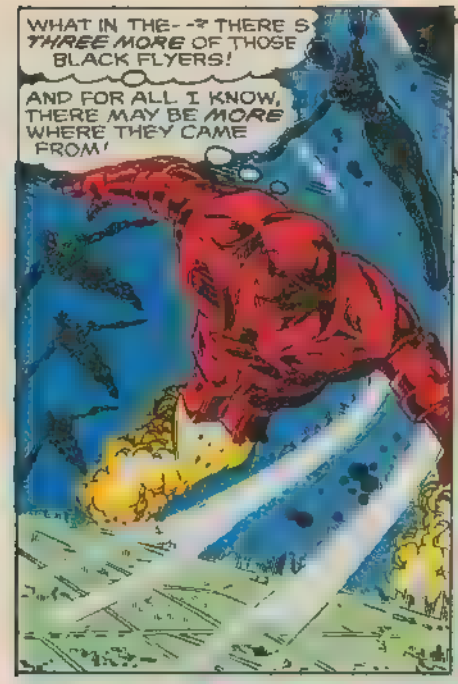
BTOWW

UP HERE? W-WELL, OKAY.

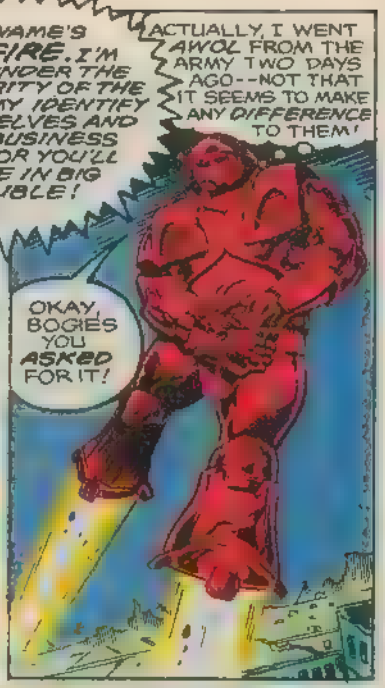
OH I WISH DAVID WERE HERE! B-BETTER DUCK AND HIDE!

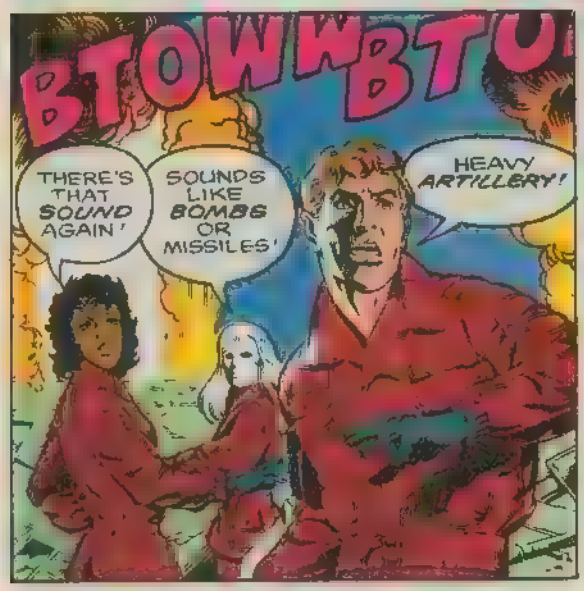
EH? NOW IT'S DIVE-BOMBING--TRYING TO OUT-MANEUVER ME!

WHAT IS IT?

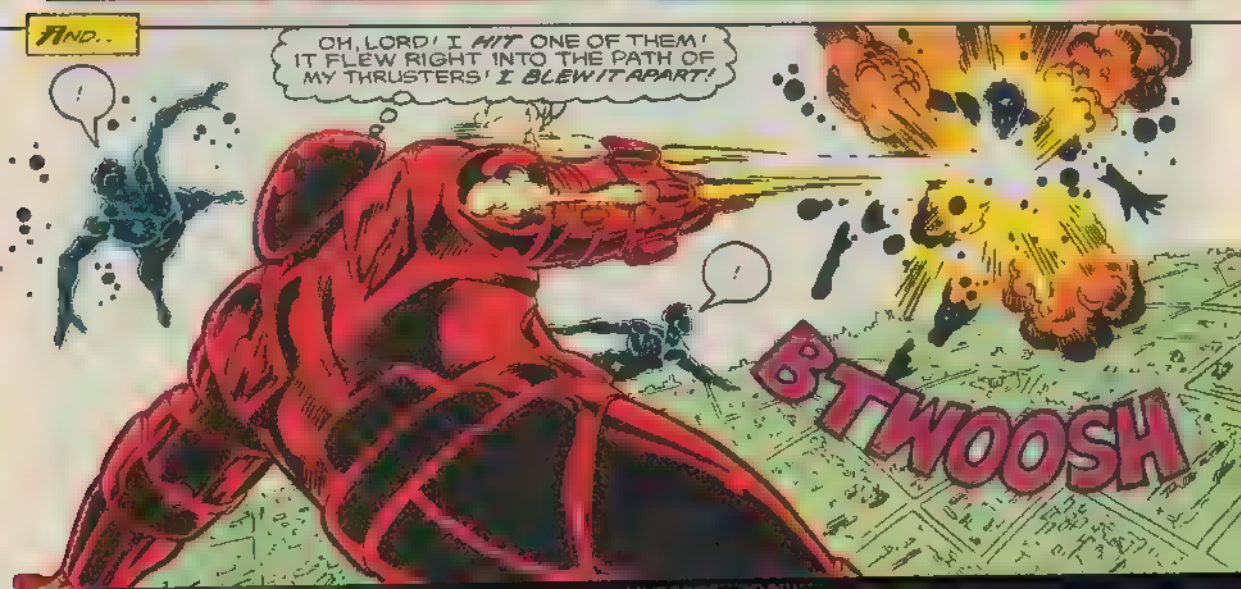

WHAT IN THE--? THERE'S THREE MORE OF THOSE BLACK FLYERS!
AND FOR ALL I KNOW, THERE MAY BE MORE WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

I'LL GIVE THEM ONE MORE CHANCE TO EXPLAIN THEIR PRESENCE, THEN I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PRESUME THEM TO BE HOSTILE!

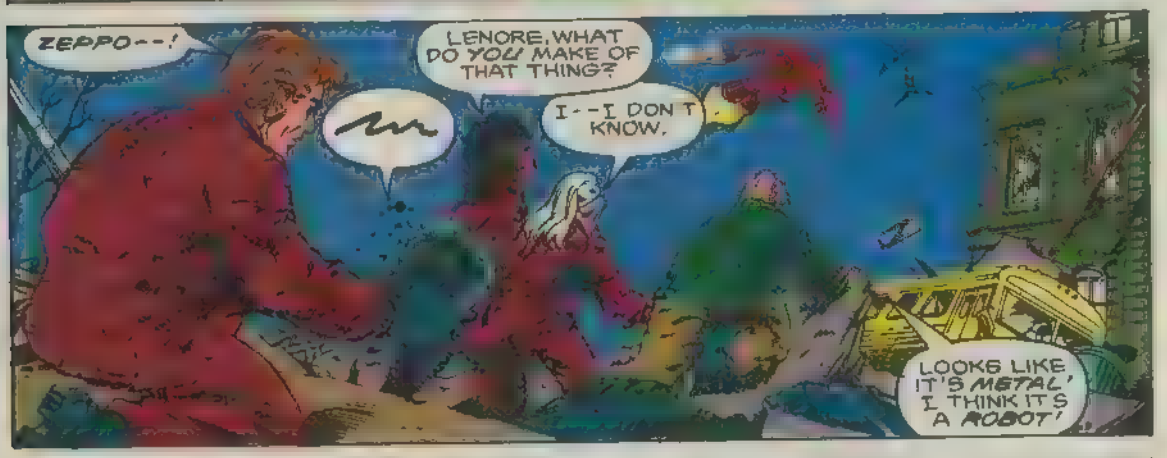

MY NAME'S SPITFIRE. I'M HERE UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE U.S ARMY. IDENTIFY YOURSELVES AND YOUR BUSINESS HERE, OR YOU'LL ALL BE IN BIG TROUBLE!
ACTUALLY, I WENT AWOL FROM THE ARMY TWO DAYS AGO--NOT THAT IT SEEMS TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO THEM!
OKAY, BOGIES YOU ASKED FOR IT!


BTOWWBTU
THERE'S THAT SOUND AGAIN!
SOUNDS LIKE BOMBS OR MISSILES!
HEAVY ARTILLERY!

COME ON! MY ANTIBODIES MAY BE INVOLVED!
I PRAY YOU CAN HANG ON, DAVE!


AND..
OH, LORD! I HIT ONE OF THEM! IT FLEW RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF MY THRUSTERS! I BLEW IT APART!
!
!
BTWOOSH

DR. O'BRIEN-- THAT BLACK [illegible]--?
OH, NO--!
HANDICAPPED PARKING


ZEPPO--!
LENORE, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT THING?
I--I DON'T KNOW.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S METAL! I THINK IT'S A ROBOT!

IT SEES US! I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! I COULD TRY TO MAKE ITS JOINTS STICK TOGETHER--ONCE IT GETS A BIT CLOSER!
MY TRANQUILIZING EMANATIONS WILL HAVE NO EFFECT ON A CREATURE OF METAL!
RANDY--WE NEED SOME GUIDANCE HERE!

I'M SORRY, ZEPPO, YOU WERE ONE OF THE GOOD ONES.
THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE--A BAND OF SURVIVORS--OR LOOTERS? LET ME DO A QUICK RECON BEFORE I GIVE THEM THE BULLHORN!
RANDY--IT'S COMING CLOSER!

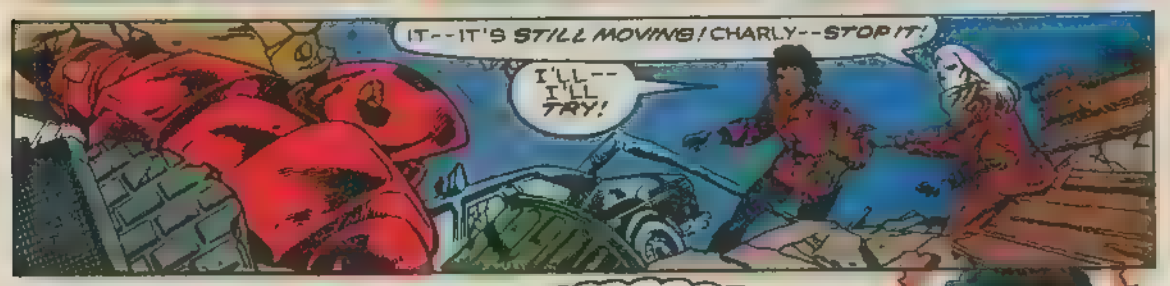
THAT RED THING--IT MUST BE WHAT KILLED ZEPPO!
THOSE PEOPLE HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THOSE FLYING BLACK PHANTOMS?
IT ZOOMED RIGHT BY US--WITHOUT ATTACKING. DID YOU TRY YOUR FORCE ON IT?
YES! BUT I MUST NOT HAVE STUCK TOGETHER THE RIGHT PARTS!
THINK I SEE SOMETHING.

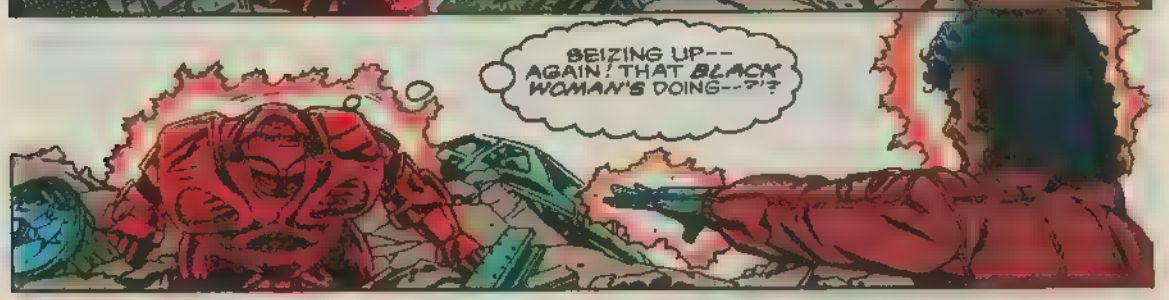
YEAH! THERE'S MERRIAM--SPONGE! I'LL HELP HER DOWN OFF THAT BUILDING--
--SHOW THE OTHERS I CAN AT LEAST DO SOMETHING!
HEY, SPONGE, NEED HELP GETTING DOWN?
UH...NO, IT'S ALL RIGHT.
JUST AS SOON HE NOT TOUCH ME--UGGH!
REALLY ISN'T SAFE FOR YOU UP HERE! COME ON, LET ME TAKE YOU TO SAFETY!
NO, LET--LET GO!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, CHARLOTTE! WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHOSE PARABILITIES WORK AT A DISTANCE!
O-OKAY! I'LL TRY AGAIN.
TWO WOMEN WAVING--TRYING TO GET MY ATTENTION?
YOU DOWN THERE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! DON'T MOVE! I'M COMING IN!
IT DOESN'T SPEAK LIKE A ROBOT--! MAYBE THERE'S SOMEONE INSIDE ALL THAT METAL MY PARABILITY CAN AFFECT--? I'LL TRY!
I'VE GOT TO THINK OF THE WHOLE ROBOT AT ONCE--
--TRY TO MAKE ALL OF ITS INNARDS STICKY!
AHHH! MY MASK OFF, MY SKIN CAN BREATHE!
GOOD LORD! HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE? HAVE I BEEN ABUSING THIS SUIT THAT BADLY?
WHAT IN THE--? STRANGE READINGS ON MY SYSTEMS SENSORS AGAIN! THAT WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN--SHINING SOMETHING AT ME?
WARNING WARNING SYSTEMS MALFUNCTION
ALL MY CYBERNETIC CONTROLS HAVE TOTALLY SEIZED UP!

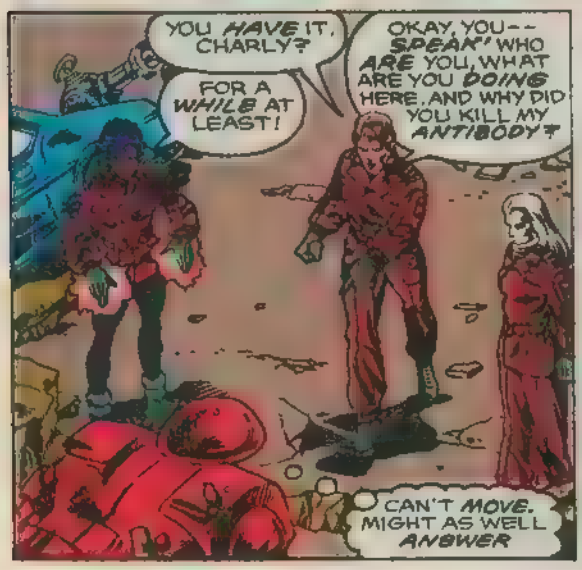
CHARLY--I THINK ... WE MAY HAVE AFFECTED IT!
IT'S STILL COMING AT US!

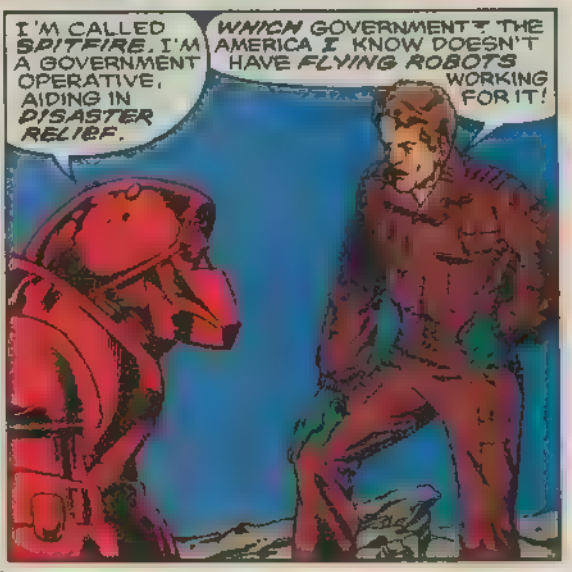
DUCK!

BTOOK
SYSTEMS UNFROZE--TOO LATE!


IT--IT'S STILL MOVING! CHARLY--STOP IT!
I'LL--I'LL TRY!


SEIZING UP--AGAIN! THAT BLACK WOMAN'S DOING--?!?


YOU HAVE IT, CHARLY?
FOR A WHILE AT LEAST!
OKAY, YOU--SPEAK! WHO ARE YOU, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, AND WHY DID YOU KILL MY ANTIBODY?
CAN'T MOVE. MIGHT AS WELL ANSWER


I'M CALLED SPITFIRE. I'M A GOVERNMENT OPERATIVE, AIDING IN DISASTER RELIEF.
WHICH GOVERNMENT? THE AMERICA I KNOW DOESN'T HAVE FLYING ROBOTS WORKING FOR IT!

I'M NOT A ROBOT. THERE'S A PERSON INSIDE THIS HEAVY METAL ARMOR--AN AMERICAN.

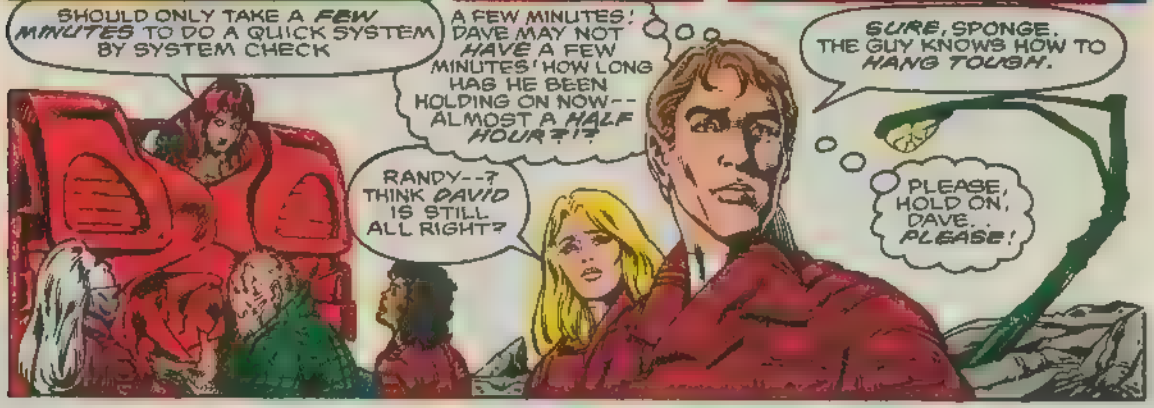
YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF PITTSBURGH?
IF I HAD THAT KIND OF POWER, DON'T YOU THINK I'D BE ABLE TO BREAK FREE OF WHATEVER'S GUMMING UP MY INNER MECHANISMS?
HMMM
I TAKE IT YOU PEOPLE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DISASTER EITHER?

NO, WE'RE JUST LOOKING FOR A FRIEND WHO--
GOOD GRIEF--I NEARLY FORGOT! I HAVE ANOTHER FRIEND WHO'S IN GREAT DANGER RIGHT NOW!
AND WITH MY FOURTH ANTIBODY DESTROYED I HAVE NO WAY TO RESCUE HIM!
RANDY, MAYBE THIS SPITFIRE COULD HELP!

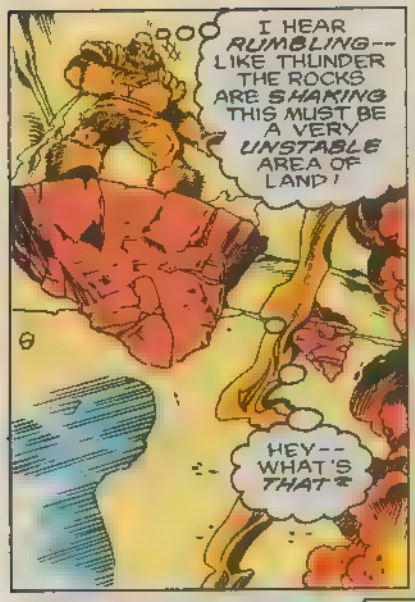
I COULD TRY!
I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TRUST HIM!
OKAY, CHARLY, LET IT UP

BAD NEWS I SEEM TO HAVE SUSTAINED SOME DAMAGE IN THE CRASH.

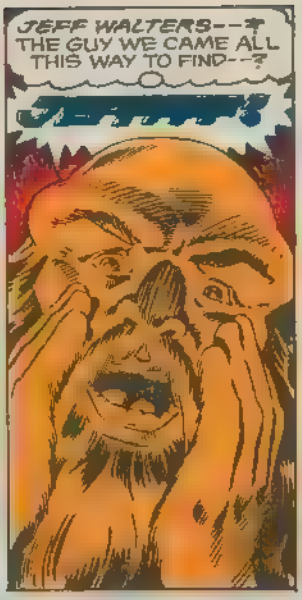
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CHECK OUT ITS EXTENT BEFORE I DO ANYTHING ELSE
!
DIDN'T EXPECT A WOMAN IN HERE, DID YOU?
WHUH--?


SHOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES TO DO A QUICK SYSTEM BY SYSTEM CHECK
A FEW MINUTES! DAVE MAY NOT HAVE A FEW MINUTES! HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN HOLDING ON NOW--ALMOST A HALF HOUR?!?
RANDY--? THINK DAVID IS STILL ALL RIGHT?
SURE, SPONGE. THE GUY KNOWS HOW TO HANG TOUGH.
PLEASE, HOLD ON, DAVE... PLEASE!

MILES BENEATH..
AAAAHHH!
LOST MY BLASTED GRIP WHEN THE ROCK SPLIT OPEN! GOT TO STOP SLIDING-- TURN MYSELF RIGHTSIDE UP!
FINALLY--AN OUTCROPPING!
GOT IT! NNNNGH!
HOW THE HECK LONG WAS I SLIDING DOWN THE WALL? SEEMED LIKE I DROPPED MILES!
IS THAT POSSIBLE? HOW DEEP IS THIS PIT ANYWAY? AND WHY IS IT SO BLAMED HOT--?
OH, MY DEAR DEPARTED MOTHER--!
THIS IS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF DANTE'S INFERNO! I SEE LAVA BUBBLING UP THROUGH THE LAKE DOWN HERE!
VOLCANOES--IN PENNSYLVANIA?!?


I HEAR RUMBLING-- LIKE THUNDER THE ROCKS ARE SHAKING THIS MUST BE A VERY UNSTABLE AREA OF LAND!
HEY-- WHAT'S THAT?

THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING STREAK BY--!


JEFF WALTERS--? THE GUY WE CAME ALL THIS WAY TO FIND--?
A-HHH!

MUST'VE RUN OUT OF EARSHOT. I SWEAR-- THAT BLUR WAS HIM!
SPEED THAT BOY CAN RUN, HE'LL NEVER HEAR ME HOLLERING! GONNA HAVE TO GO DOWN AND GET CLOSER
EVERY TIME I THINK I'VE GONE TOTALLY CRAZY, I FIND SOMETHING EVEN CRAZIER TO DO!

FOURTEEN MINUTES LATER..
IT'S COMING AGAIN! I DIDN'T IMAGINE IT!
JEFF!

HE'S NOT SLOWING- HE'LL RUN RIGHT BY! GOT TO--
OOOF

JEFF! IT IS YOU!
HUFF! DAVE...! HUFF! RIBS-- HUFF! YOU BROKE MY HUFF!--

SORRY, MAN-- I DIDN'T MEAN--

DON'T MATTER ;HUFF!- NOTHING DOES. ;HUFF!-

WHAT'RE YOU... DOIN' HERE?

WHAT ELSE? LOOKING FOR YOU, PAL! RANDY... CHARLY... ALL OF US!

SHOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED. I'M NOT LEAVING HERE.

YOU SEE, MY MAMA, MY SISTER, MY BROTHER--THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY... THEY WERE VISITING HERE WHEN THE CITY UP AND DISAPPEARED!

I RAN STRAIGHT HERE TO TRY TO FIND 'EM WHEN I HEARD THE NEWS RAN RIGHT OVER THE EDGE... I'VE BEEN RUNNIN' 'ROUND THE HOLE EVER SINCE...

...WATCHIN' THE WATER RISE AND BOIL!

EVERYONE I LOVE IS JUST SO MUCH ASH IN THAT BUBBLING PIT I'M NOT LEAVING THEM, MAN I BELONG WITH THEM.

NOW LOOK, JEFF--I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH MY MA AND PA PASSED ON WITHIN A YEAR OF EACH OTHER ..MY BROTHER MARK DIED OF A GUNSHOT WOUND WHEN WE WERE KIDS IT HURTS...

...HURTS TERRIBLY...BUT YOU FIND A WAY TO GO ON, AND EVENTUALLY YOU LEARN TO LIVE WITH THE HURT.

IT'S NOT FAIR, BLAST IT ALL! JUST.. NOT.. FAIR!

I KNOW. LIFE REALLY SUCKS SOMETIMES BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? IT'S THE ONLY LIFE YOU GOT.

GETTIN' NASTIER OUT THERE BY THE MINUTE.

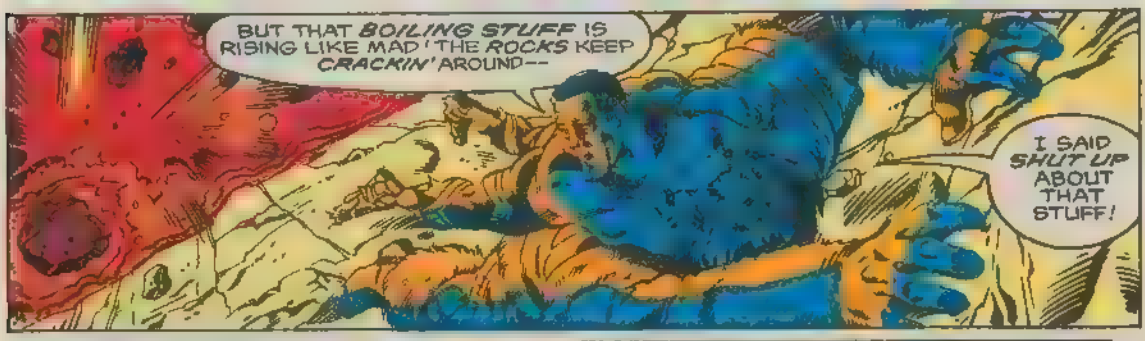
REALLY SORRY YOU CAME DOWN HERE 'CAUSE OF ME, 'CAUSE THERE JUST AIN'T NO WAY WE'RE GONNA GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE THIS WHOLE PLACE ERUPTS

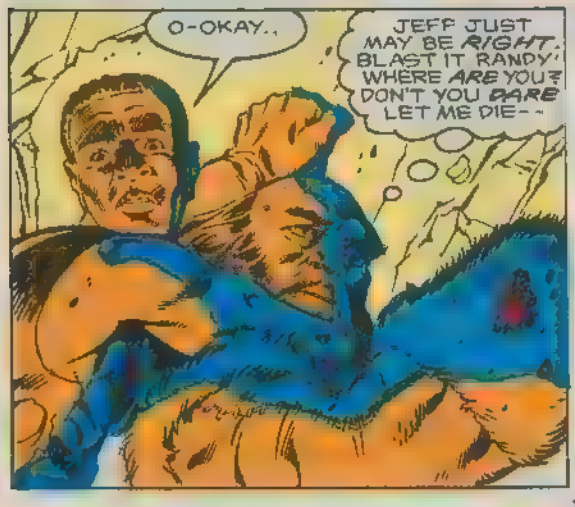
THE DEVIL THERE ISN'T!

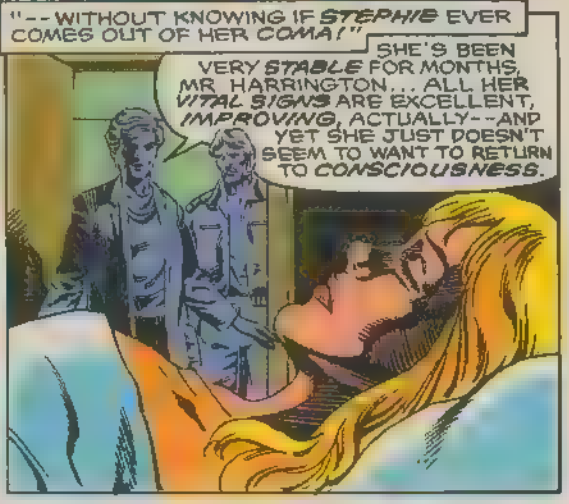
WH-WHAT'RE YOU--?
I'M CARRYING YOUR LAZY BUTT OUT OF HERE, JEFF.
YOU'RE NUTS! IT'S MILES AND MILES TO THE TOP! IT'LL BE LIKE CLIMBING MOUNT EVEREST! AND IT'S SO STEEP--
SHUT UP.

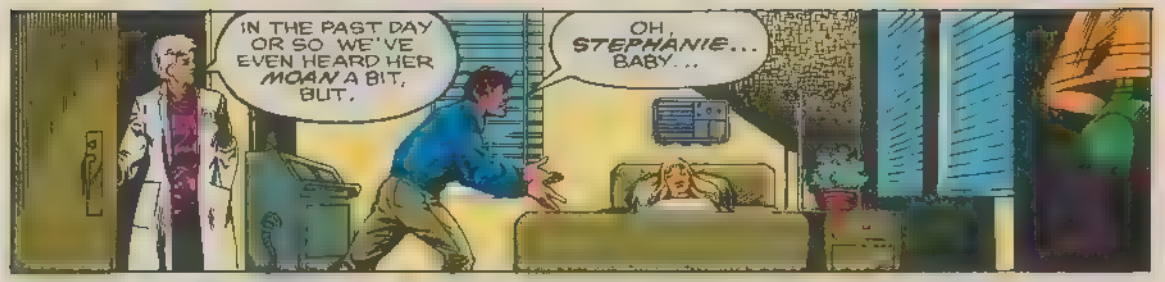
I DON'T HAVE TO CLIMB ALL THE WAY UP. THE OTHERS ARE UP THERE LOOKING FOR US ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET OUT OF THIS SMOKEY PART SO THEY CAN SEE WHERE TO PICK US UP!

NOW QUIT WIGGLING AND HANG TIGHT!

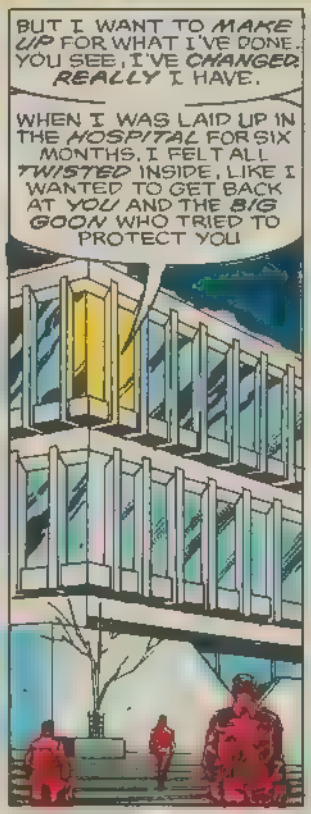

BUT THAT BOILING STUFF IS RISING LIKE MAD! THE ROCKS KEEP CRACKIN' AROUND--
I SAID SHUT UP ABOUT THAT STUFF!


O-OKAY..
JEFF JUST MAY BE RIGHT. BLAST IT RANDY! WHERE ARE YOU? DON'T YOU DARE LET ME DIE--


"--WITHOUT KNOWING IF STEPHIE EVER COMES OUT OF HER COMA!"
SHE'S BEEN VERY STABLE FOR MONTHS, MR HARRINGTON... ALL HER VITAL SIGNS ARE EXCELLENT, IMPROVING, ACTUALLY--AND YET SHE JUST DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT TO RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS.


IN THE PAST DAY OR SO WE'VE EVEN HEARD HER MOAN A BIT, BUT.
OH, STEPHANIE... BABY...

I'M SO, SO SORRY. THIS IS ALL MY FAULT. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE MADE YOU LEAVE HOME AND COME HERE.
I'VE BEEN SUCH A LOUSY EXCUSE FOR A HUSBAND... I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE RIGHT TO ASK FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS


BUT I WANT TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT I'VE DONE. YOU SEE, I'VE CHANGED. REALLY I HAVE.
WHEN I WAS LAID UP IN THE HOSPITAL FOR SIX MONTHS, I FELT ALL TWISTED INSIDE, LIKE I WANTED TO GET BACK AT YOU AND THE BIG GOON WHO TRIED TO PROTECT YOU

BUT THEN REVEREND MENGEL STOPPED BY TO SEE ME AND - IT WAS LIKE A MIRACLE-- I FOUND MYSELF TALKING TO HIM, TELLING HIM WHAT A MESS MY LIFE HAD BECOME EVER SINCE YOU-- YOU KNOW, BECAME INFECTED BY THAT WEIRD ENERGY.
TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, STEPHIE, THE REVEREND HELPED ME SEE THE ERROR OF MY WAYS--HELPED ME FIND GOD.

I WAS WRONG TO TREAT YOU AS I DID. I KNOW THAT NOW I WANT TO MAKE IT ALL UP TO YOU. I WANT US TO BE TOGETHER AGAIN.. YOU ME, AND THE KIDS -- A REAL FAMILY.

OH, PLEASE, COME BACK TO ME, STEPH.
PLEASE... FORGIVE ME.

ELSEWHERE.

ARMS FEEL LIKE *LEAD*...

.. HIGHER I CLIMB TO GET OUT OF THE *SMOKE* AND *STEAM*, THE HIGHER THE SMOKE AND STEAM SEEMS TO *RISE*.

AT LEAST *JEFF* HAS BEEN KEEPING HIS *YAP* SHUT.

COME *ON*, RANDY, WHERE *ARE* YOU? I'M NOT SURE HOW LONG I CAN KEEP *DOING* THIS!

DAVEY I'M SLOWIN' YOU *DOWN*, MAN *UNTIE ME* YOU'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT WITH A *MONKEY* ON YER--

SHUT UP! I'M NOT *DITCHING* YOU, YOU DUMB JERK!

I'M NOT GONNA DITCH--

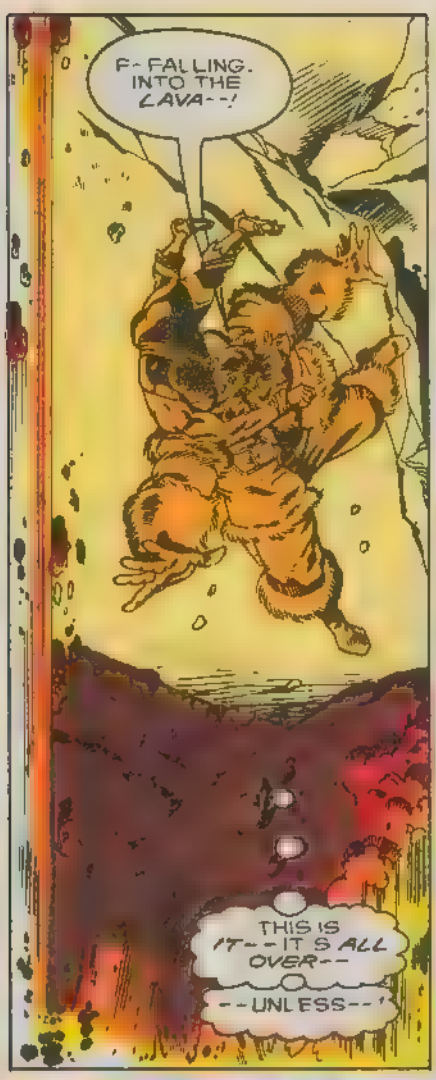
OH, *SHOOT*. WHAT'S--?

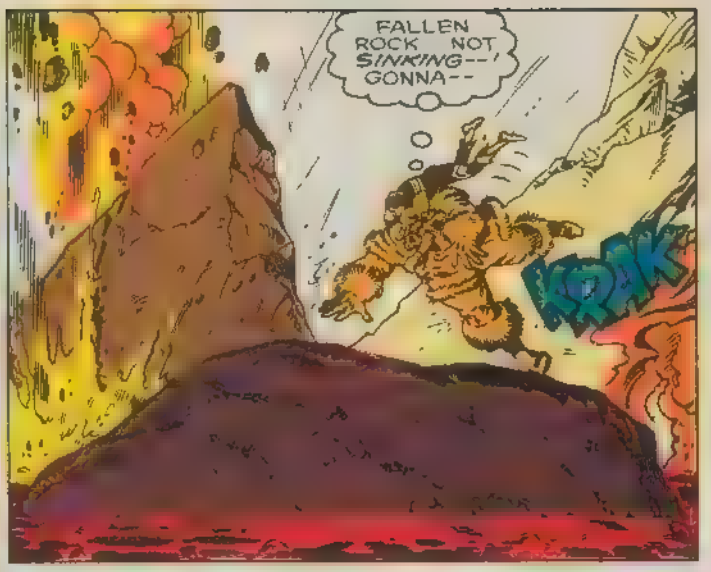
CRACK

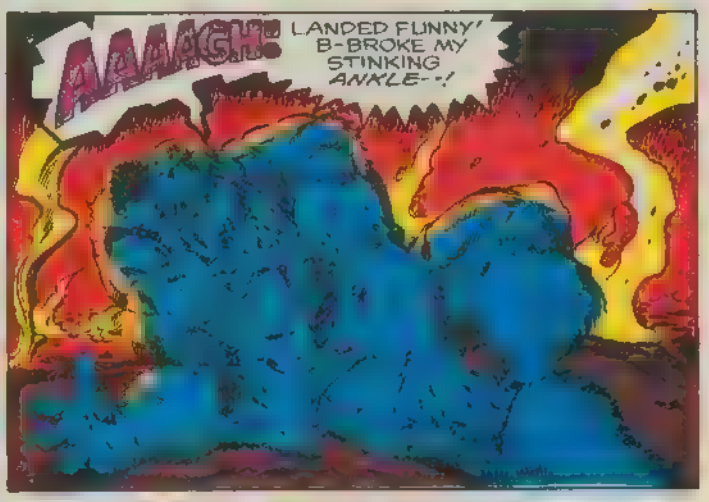
SOUND CAME FROM *ABOVE*--NOT THE PIT WHAT IS--?

NO--THE *ROCK* I'M HOLDING--GIVING WAY--!

MAMA.

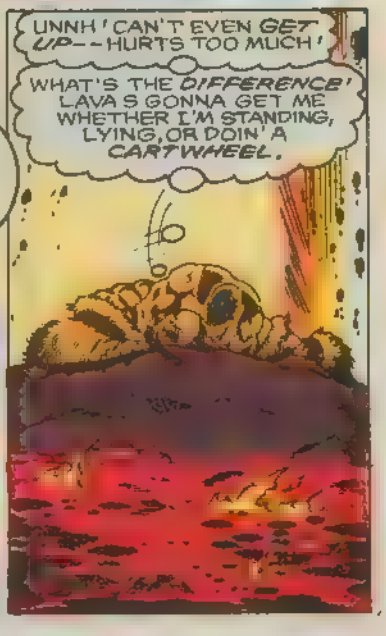

F- FALLING. INTO THE LAVA--!
THIS IS IT--IT S ALL OVER--
--UNLESS--!

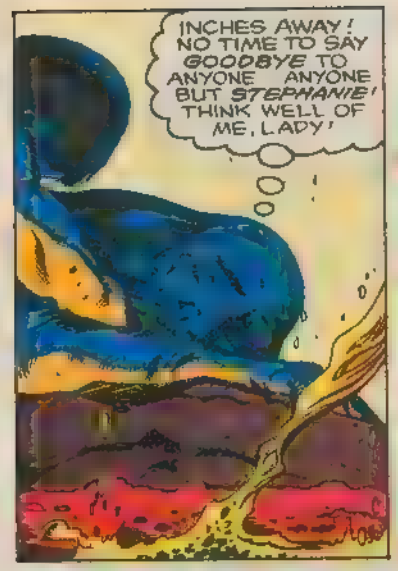

FALLEN ROCK NOT SINKING--! GONNA--
KRAK


AAAAGH!
LANDED FUNNY! B-BROKE MY STINKING ANKLE--!

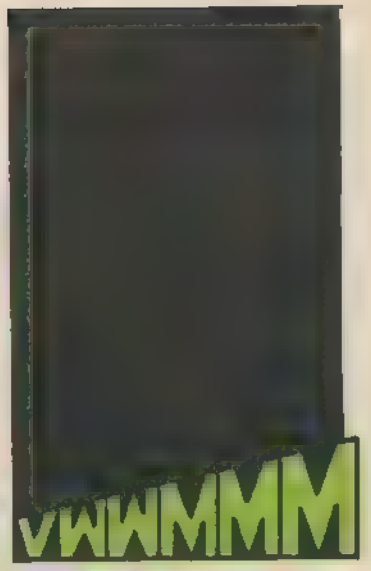
JEFF.. YOU STILL THERE, MAN?
NO? YOU'RE LUCKY. YOU WON'T BE AWAKE WHEN IT COMES

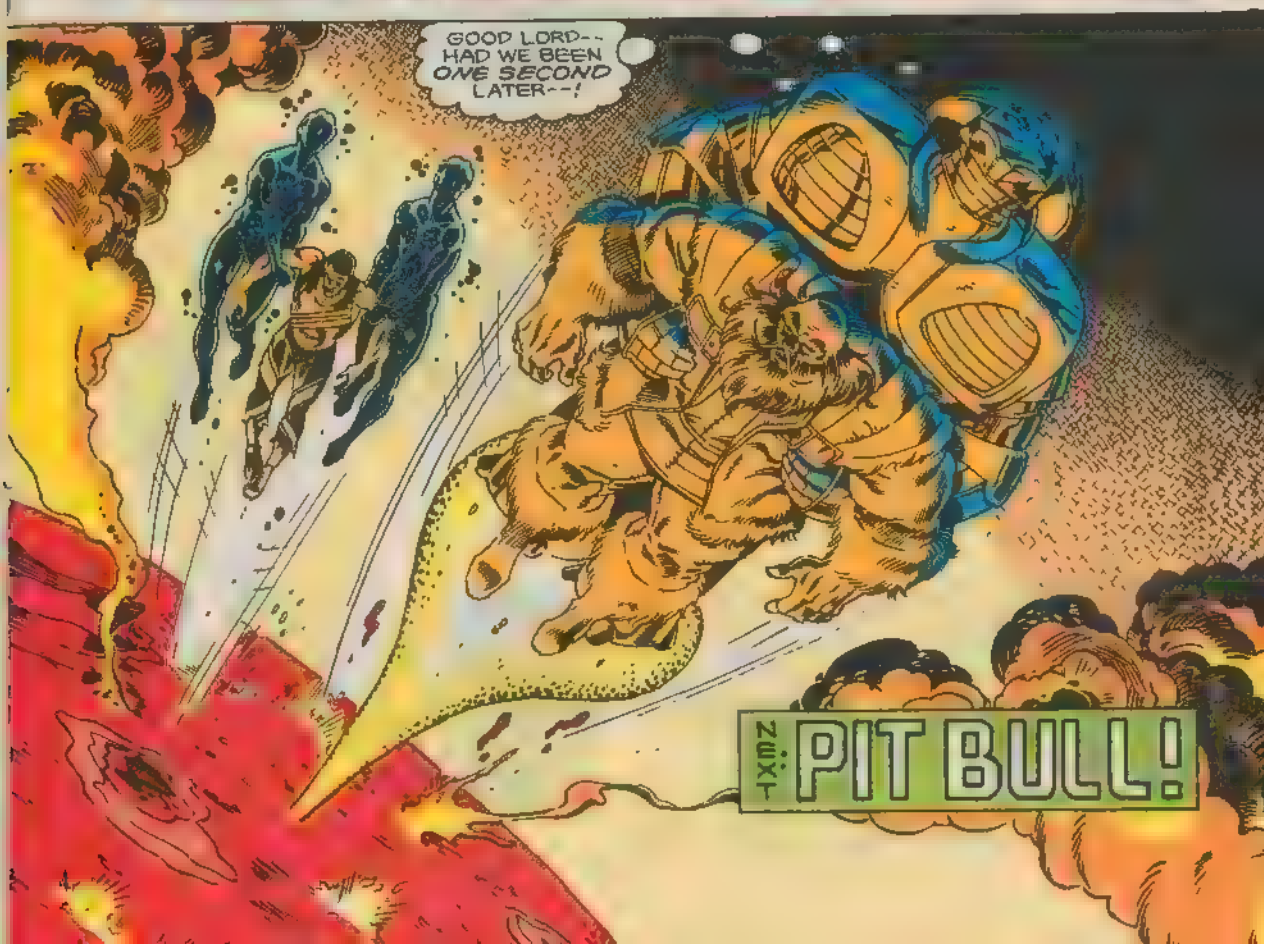
I'M SORRY I YELLED AT YOU, PAL I REALLY DID THINK WE HAD A CHANCE...
ALWAYS WAS GOOD AT FOOLING MYSELF.


UNNH! CAN'T EVEN GET UP--HURTS TOO MUCH!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE! LAVA S GONNA GET ME WHETHER I'M STANDING, LYING, OR DOIN' A CARTWHEEL.


INCHES AWAY! NO TIME TO SAY GOODBYE TO ANYONE ANYONE BUT STEPHANIE! THINK WELL OF ME, LADY!

SEE YOU SOON, MA...PA... MARK...!
PITTSBURGH-- SPPPT!


VWWMMM

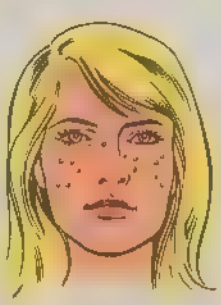

GOOD LORD-- HAD WE BEEN ONE SECOND LATER--!
NEXT PIT BULL!

THE CLINIC — PERSONNEL AND PATIENTS

PHILLIP NOLAN VOIGT ("OVERSHADOW")
Founder and former head administrator of the Clinic. Ability to mimic the parabilities of any paranormal he is near, and enhance those parabilities to a greater degree than their originator can. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Left in D.P. 7 #12.

DEXTER CHARNE ("REINFORCER")
Mentally transmits ideas into others' minds. If done quickly it causes mental trauma, leaving victim comatose. At Clinic since opening 7-27-86. Clinical psychologist. Member of Therapy Group A. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Died in D.P. 7 #13.

CRAIG LaGRAVES
Normal. Interim head of the Clinic. Joined Clinic staff 7-27-86. Traumatized by Dexter Charne. Intro: D.P. 7 #13. Comatose since D.P. 7 #13.



TRACY SPECK ("RECEPTOR")
Mentally perceives sensory impressions from other people. Worked as special therapist. Member of Therapy Group A. Entered Clinic 7-29-86. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Died in D.P. 7 #13.

MS. TANIS NEWHOUSE
Normal. Current head administrator of the Clinic. Joined Clinic staff 7-30-86. Successor to Philip Nolan Voigt and Craig LaGraves. Became head of staff in D.P. 7 #13. Intro: D.P. 7 #13.

DR. JANE SEMPLE
Normal. Psychotherapist for Group C ("D.P. 7") others. Joined Clinic staff 7-31-86. Intro: D.P. 7 #1.

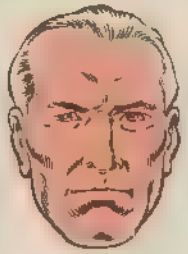
HARLAN HACKBARTH ("REGULATOR")
Able to mentally control all body functions of other people. Entered Clinic 8-11-86. Member of Therapy Group A. Former head of Clinic security. Traumatized by Dexter Charne in D.P. 7 #11. Intro: D.P. 7 #1.

ORVILE UPHAM
Normal. Head of Clinic security. Successor to Harlan Hackbarth. Joined Clinic staff 8-12-86. Intro: D.P. 7 #13. Resigned after D.P. 7 #16.

JURIS ZIEGLER
Normal. Physical therapist. Joined Clinic staff 8-19-86. Had brief relationship with patient Lenore Fenzi. Intro: D.P. 7 #13.

LELAND SHARP ("SHRAPNEL")
Explodes corrosive psychoplasm from other layer of skin. Entered Clinic 8-19-86. Briefly a member of Therapy Group A. Went to work for Voigt's Agency on 9-12-86. Intro: D.P. 7 #2.

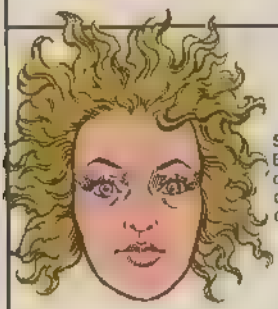
GERALDINE RUMLOW ("VICE VERSA")
Redirects inertia in the opposite direction. Entered Clinic 9-1-86. Briefly a member of Therapy Group A. Went to work for Voight's Agency 9-12-86. Intro: D.P. 7 #2



EDWARD ZENTNER ("BLOODHOUND")
Possesses highly developed olfactory sense, and sight into infrared range. He can smell paranormals. Entered Clinic 9-1-86. Briefly a member of Therapy Group A. Went to work for Voight's Agency 9-12-86. Intro: D.P. 7 #2

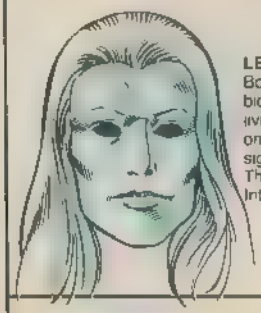
ARTHUR BENWAY ("FREEFALL")
Mentally negates gravity anywhere within ten feet of his person. Entered Clinic 9-3-86. Member of Therapy Group B. Performed security work briefly. Intro: D.P. 7 #9. Fled the Clinic after D.P. 7 #17

RODNEY WEIGAND ("TANGLER")
Creates psychoplasmic tanglewire with incredible tensile strength. Entered Clinic 9-5-86. Member of Therapy Group B. Briefly performed security work. Fled the Clinic after D.P. 7 #17

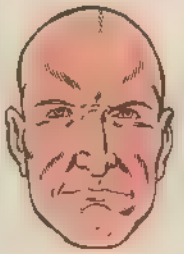


SALLY GALLAGHER ("SHOCK")
Body produces high voltage electrical current. Entered Clinic 9-6-86. Member of Therapy Group B. Worked as file clerk. Intro: D.P. 7 #9

DEBORAH BROWNLEA ("DEMENTIA")
Creates temporary insanity in others. Entered Clinic 9-8-87. Member of Therapy Group B. Worked as secretary. Intro: D.P. 7 #9



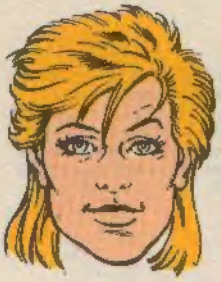
LENORE FENZL ("TWILIGHT")
Body produces fatigue-producing biolumnescence capable of rendering any living being unconscious after several seconds exposure. Entered Clinic 9-9-86. Assigned to Therapy Group B, she joined Therapy Group C instead. Worked as tutor. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Left Clinic in D.P. 7 #18



CURTIS SMITH ("STALAGMITE")
Able to increase strength exponentially only when standing stationary. Entered Clinic 9-16-86. Member of Therapy Group B. Did maintenance/security work. Intro: D.P. 7 #9

MARTIN MURKEN ("WORMHOLE")
Mentally creates small interspatial apertures, permitting matter to pass into one hole and out another. Entered Clinic 9-17-86. Member of Therapy Group B. Did maintenance work. Intro: D.P. 7 #9

GEORGE MULLANEY ("MUTATOR")
Body is constantly mutating its shape, giving him a totally different appearance every 48 hours. Entered Clinic 9-18-86. Member of Therapy Group D. Worked maintenance. He was seen as muscled wartman in D.P. 7 #1 and as monkeyman in KICKERS #5. Identified in D.P. 7 #17. Left the Clinic with the D.P. 7 in D.P. 7 #18



PAMELA LEIGHTON ("INTERFACE")
Body produces powerful pheromones able to take over others' wills when she is touching them. Entered Clinic 9-21-86. Member of Therapy Group B. Worked in food preparation. Intro: D.P. 7 #9.

STEPHANIE HARRINGTON ("GLITTER")
Produces biokinetic energy augmenting own physical abilities and those of others. Entered Clinic 9-23-86. Member of Therapy Group C. Traumatized by Dexter Charne in D.P. 7 #11. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Left Clinic after #19.

DENNIS "SCUZZ" CUZINSKI ("SCORCHER")
Body produces an unknown corrosive substance similar to acid which is emitted through his pores at all times. He can ignite for brief periods of time. Entered Clinic 9-24-86. Member of Therapy Group C, later founded DDTeens. Minor undergoing tutoring. Intro: D.P. 7 #1.

CHARLOTTE BECK ("FRICTION")
Controls slipperiness and stickiness of objects. Entered Clinic 9-25-86. Member of Therapy Group C, then Black Powers, then rejoined Group C. Worked as receptionist. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Left Clinic in D.P. 7 #18.

RANDY O'BRIEN ("ANTIBODY")
Creates multiple psychoplasmic Antibodies who manifest various aspects of his unconscious. Each Antibody can fly, become solid or immaterial, lift what Randy can, and can transfer information by touch. Entered Clinic 9-26-86. Member of Therapy Group C. Medical intern. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Left Clinic in D.P. 7 #18.

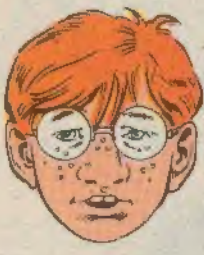
DAVID LANDERS ("MASTODON")
Possesses superhuman strength, last testing he was able to lift 12 tons. Entered Clinic 9-26-86. Member of Therapy Group C. Worked maintenance and security. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Left Clinic in D.P. 7 #18.

JEFFREY WALTERS ("BLUR")
Possesses superhuman speed, last testing he could run 250 miles per hour for up to 1 hour. Entered Clinic 9-27-86. Member of Therapy Group C. Worked in food preparation. Intro: D.P. 7 #1. Left Clinic in D.P. 7 #18.

TERRY WILKE ("THRUST")
Can project concussive force from his body equivalent to 10 pounds of TNT. Upon striking certain substances, the force causes them to burst into flame. Entered Clinic 10-14-86. Member of Therapy Group D. Intro: KICKERS #5. Identified in D.P. 7 #21.

MERRIAM SORENSEN ("SPONGE")
Skin and body tissue can absorb all liquids and gases up to ten gallons. Able to breathe underwater. Can expel moisture through pores or orifices. Entered Clinic 11-2-86. Member of Therapy Group D. Worked as lab assistant. Intro: KICKERS #5 (floating in tank). Identified in D.P. 7 #17. Left the Clinic with D.P. 7 in D.P. 7 #18.

DWIGHT FRYE ("BAZOOKA")
Projects concussive energy through hands. Entered Clinic 11-5-86. Former member of Therapy Group D, joined Black Powers. Worked as lab assistant. Intro: D.P. 7 #13. Identified in D.P. 7 #15.



EVAN HUEBNER ("GHOST-DRIVER")
Possibly non-paranormal, he has an affinity for one of Randy O'Brien's Antibodies ("Shadowman") and can make it perform certain feats O'Brien cannot make his do, such as flying with him inside. Entered Clinic 12-2-86. Not assigned any therapy group, but joined the DDTeens. Minor undergoing tutoring. Intro: D.P. 7 #10.

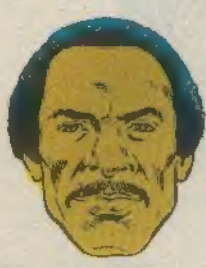
JOHN ROST ("SCRAP IRON")
Can make his body steely hard and highly impervious to harm, but it limits his mobility and speed. Entered Clinic 2-28-87. Member of Therapy Group D. Intro: D.P. 7 #13. Identified in D.P. 7#17.

JIM WALKINS ("SQUIRM")
Body is able to elongate self up to 1 1 2 times its normal length; his bones are flexible and cannot be broken. Entered Clinic 5-6-87. Member of Therapy Group D but joined Black Powers. Intro: D.P. 7 #14.

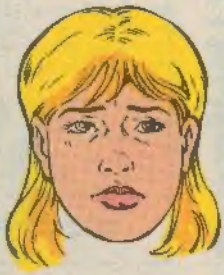
DIONNE McQUAID ("INDIGO")
Manipulates purplish psychokinetic force possessing 20 times her own physical strength. Entered Clinic 5-10-87. Briefly member of Therapy Group E, founded Black Powers group. Intro: D.P. 7 #14.

ANNIE STEVENSON ("QUIVER")
Her entire body resonates to create intense vibrations of shattering force. Entered Clinic 5-18-87. Assigned to Therapy Group E, joined the DDTeens. Minor undergoing tutoring. Intro: D.P. 7 #15. Identified in D.P. 7 #16.

ROSS WEXLER ("CHILL")
Body emits sub-freezing vapors. Entered Clinic 5-25-87. Assigned to Therapy Group E, but joined Black Powers. Worked as clerk. Intro: D.P. 7 #14. Murdered by Benway and Weigand in D.P. 7 #17.



LIONEL BERRY ("BLINDSPOT")
Creates zones of invisibility by controlling others' perceptions. Entered Clinic 6-18-87. Assigned to Therapy Group E-but joined Black Powers. Intro: D.P. 7 #14. Murdered by Benway and Weigand in D.P. 7 #17.



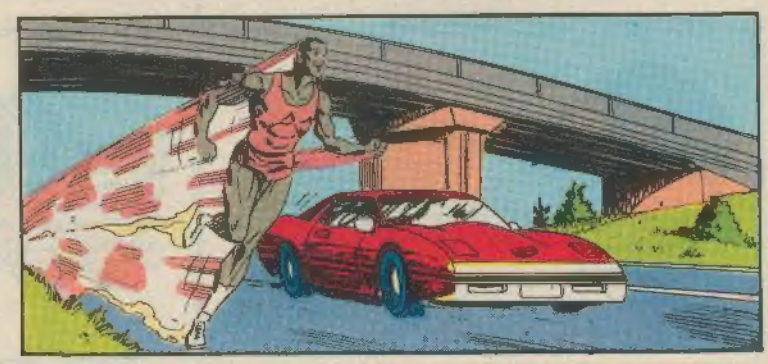
HEATHER HANNEMAN ("RAINDROP")
Her mind combines ambient hydrogen and oxygen molecules to create moisture, clouds, and rain. Entered Clinic 7-9-87. Assigned to Therapy Group E, but joined DDTeens. Minor undergoing tutoring. Intro: D.P. 7 #15.

JOEL LARSON ("MOTHBALL")
His body generates soap-like bubbles which neutralize the energy of whatever they come into contact with. Entered Clinic 9-1-87. Assigned to Therapy Group E, joined DDTeens. Minor undergoing tutoring. Intro: D.P. 7 #15. Identified in D.P. 7 #16.

MICHAEL CRAWLEY ("DYNAMITE")
His mind generates explosive force. Entered Clinic 9-16-87. Former member of Psi-Force team, assigned to Therapy Group E, but joined DDTeens. Minor undergoing tutoring. Intro: PSI-FORCE #1. Entered Clinic in PSI-FORCE #15. Joined DDTeens in D.P. 7 #16.

"BLUR"

Real name: Jeffrey John Walters
Occupation: Former fast food manager
Aliases: None
Legal status: Citizen of the United States with no criminal record
Place of birth: Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Date of birth: 10-30-62
Date of paranormality: 9-27-86
Marital status and spouse: Single
Family: William (father, deceased 1969), Thelma (mother, deceased 1987), Dennis (brother, deceased 1987), Michele (sister, deceased 1987)
Extent of Education: High school (class of '80)
Hobbies and interests: Food, urban music, video games, pingpong
Religion: Baptist (fundamentalist)
Group Affiliations: Member of D.P. 7 (Group C)
Current base of operations: Mobile
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 175 lbs.
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Known parabilities: Walters moves at superhuman speeds. His metabolism is between 3 and 10 times faster than average. His practical reaction time is at least five times faster than average. His maximum running speed has been measured to be approximately 300 m.p.h. for ten-minute bursts. He can maintain a minimum speed of 150 m.p.h. for four hours before fatigue and hunger impair his performance. His body derives energy from food more efficiently than average. His muscle tissue is stronger and more resilient than human.
Peculiarities: Walters cannot remain still. His body is constantly shivering from the nervous energy in his system. He sweats profusely and thus his body frequently smells rank. He can tolerate cold weather better than hot: his shivering keeps him warm in cool air. He needs to intake approximately five to ten times the calories of a normal adult male of his age, height and build. Significantly fewer calories will impair his health, causing malnutrition and eventually rendering him comatose. Moving at high speeds often affects how well he can hear due to the noise of the air moving past his ear. He frequently speaks too quickly to be intelligible and has to consciously drawl in order to be understood. Walters needs to wear protective eyegear when he exceeds 125 m.p.h. in order to see well.
First appearance: D.P. 7 #1



PARANORMAL MAIL

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP — 387 Park Avenue South - New York, NY - 10016
Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Marvel,

Re: D.P. 7 ANNUAL #1. At last — the origins of the D.P. 7! It's interesting to note the difference between the D.P. 7 and Psi-Force (whose origins were also told in their annual). The latter seemed to have already had their abilities (albeit in a weaker form) and the White Event merely enhanced them to an incredible degree. With the D.P. 7, they were either given their powers by the White Event, or each had recessive genes for their powers which had lain dormant all their lives. Before the White Event, the Psi-Force members were like a normal car engine. After it, they became a supercharged race car engine. The D.P. 7, however, were more like a stick of dynamite, having the potential for great explosive power if only something came along to light the fuse (the match being the White Event). What do you think of my comparisons?

It's ironic in a way that the Witness's career being with the same action (turning off the life support machines) that Mark Hazzard, Merc's concluded with (in MERC ANNUAL #1). You came up with the best explanation I've ever heard as to why a ghost would appear wearing clothes (on page 6, panel 4). I also loved his reason for doing what he does: he's bored. How could the Witness see in pitch darkness when he went underground, he wondered? I need only to remind you that it is light entering our eyes that enables us to see. Obviously, since light cannot make contact with any part of an immaterial phantom's optics, the presence or absence of light would no longer be a factor in the Witness's sight. The Witness seems to be the New Universe's answer to the Watcher. But because of his phantasmal condition, he can't take an active part in the proceedings like the big guy has done on occasion.

As for the D.P.'s themselves . . . It seems a shame what the world has made of Stephanie Harrington (a fugitive forced to hide her power from those around her) since I could see her doing wonders in a hospital's physical therapy ward. Too bad the Witness didn't stick around long enough for us to see Steph's husband's first reaction to her new-found talents. I don't know why he got so upset about them — her powers might come in very handy in a physical relationship. Maybe he should start showing signs of paranormality. I wonder if he'd turn himself in the way he did Steph?

So we finally got to see what Lenore Fenzl and David Landers looked like before their manifestation. But the real shocker was Jeff Walters. So he looked like a black version of me, proving all their powers aren't completely negative! (Wish I could slim down the way he did!) Maybe Jeff Walters should get together with Wally West and talk about their metabolism problems. (Then again, what restaurant would have enough food for them both?)

If Dennis Cuzinski had died in a fire caused by his powers, the authorities probably would have thought even as his dad did that he was smoking in bed. I am surprised that he would allow his father to spank him. I can see now how Charlotte Beck's powers would interfere with her dancing career. You can't become Juliet Prowse without starting in the chorus line and with her power out of control, Charly would make everyone fall.

As for Randy O'Brien, the way the Witness took him over makes me wonder if there are any other spirit forms out there in the New Universe who might try to do the same. Or is that why his body produced so many Antibodies in D.P. 7 #12, to prevent such a takeover from occurring again, even as our antibodies prevent the recurrence of a particular disease)?

The Witness was right about one thing: "What man ever knows the reason for his own life, except whatever reason he himself assigns it?" One question: the Witness visited Walters on September 26, then O'Brien on September 24?!? Does his ghostly state enable him to travel through time or could this be a marvelous Marvel good?

The New Universe — born in brilliance, but not just a flash in the pan. How's that for a slogan?

Robert Kowalski
3878 Garvin St.
Detroit, MI 48212

Not bad, Robert. Thanks for your detailed critique of our first Annual — it's only through such in-depth analysis that we can figure out where we went right and wrong. And speaking of wrong, the back-dating you noted was indeed a mistake — not even ghosts can time travel in the New Universe. Only thing is, we can't figure out if it's a slip-up on the part of our writer or our letterer. (But seeing as how scripter Mark Gruenwald confiscated all copies of the script page in question so we can't check, let's blame it on *him*, okay? Watch it, Gruenwald!)

Dear Marvel,

Congrats! You people have developed a concept which has me reading comics again. Tired of having my favorite series fall into obscurity or become tangled in tangents, I gave up comics several years back. On an irregular basis, I would buy a new issue at a newsstand. Then the D.P. 7 ANNUAL caught my eye. I enjoyed the ANNUAL and found a lot of potential in this story. After borrowing a few copies of D.P. 7, I was hooked. Please don't trash it up or make a lot of staff changes. You're doing a great job on a great concept.

Unfortunately, there is one small problem. I may be nit-picking but I think someone dropped the ball. In the D.P. 7 ANNUAL, Nelson Kohler is observing the transformation of Lenore Fenzl. Lenore's friend, Rosie, and the nursing aide, Edith, are the first people to be overcome by the twilight effect. In Lenore's own "words" (thoughts), they fainted. However in D.P. 7 #1, Lenore doesn't talk of Rosie or Edith but talks of going to the doctor. "I thought I had killed him at first," she says. Why would Lenore think she killed the doctor when she saw that Rosie and Edith had fainted? I don't think this was her fault — she doesn't strike me as the least bit senile.

Don Moore
Newport News, VA 23602

Would you believe that the doctor she finally went to had an even more severe reaction than Rosie and Edith did? Yeah, that's it. When he fell down, he struck his head, and there was blood all over, and Lenore ran and — ! Or maybe Lenore was just a bit more traumatized exposing her condition to a man (being an unmarried person) than two women. Or maybe Gruenwald slipped up again! Take your pick. (I'm warning you, Mark — another mistake and you're history!)

Dear Marvel,

Writer Mark Gruenwald obviously takes pride in his home state, to judge by the fact that he made it the setting of D.P. 7. It is for this reason I was shocked to see the bit of misinformation he put in the first D.P. 7 ANNUAL. On page 1, panel 1, a caption states that Interstate 94 is between Milwaukee and Fond du Lac. This is false. Mark should know, since he comes from Oshkosh, which is just north of Fond du Lac, that the way to get from Milwaukee to Fond du Lac is to take State Highway 41 (or if you want to take the scenic route, take Highway 45 and go through my hometown of West Bend). I realize I may sound harsh, but we in the area have so much trouble getting noticed that when we do, we want it on the ball.

Chris Dwinell
19051 W. Greenfield Ave.
New Berlin, WI 53146

Guilty as charged, Chris! Highway 41 does not become I-94 until the Milwaukee area, as Mark knows full well, driving that particular stretch of pavement at least twice a year. But somehow when it came time for him to script that particular caption, he typed the wrong designation, and everyone assumed he knew what he was talking about. Rest assured, your New U guru, Howard Mackie, (me) will never assume Mark knows what he's talking about ever again, and will give his "facts" the cold eyeball. (Know what? I even drove down Highway 41 with Maniac Mark at the wheel once, and I've got the videotape to prove it!) Now then, Gru — didn't I tell you one more mistake and you're history? Well, I wasn't just blowing smoke — *you're history!* What's that — ? You'd rather be *biology*?

See you in 30 days, New Uniphiles!

—Howard Mackie